

her as la veuve—de widow of dear son, and all homage and honors would be given to her; but now that she vents every ting, you give her notings, and my dear dead lord's words go for nothing at all, except with me,—but I will not desert her who was loved by my dear lost master. I will attend her to her home.

Here a burst of tears interrupted the angry tirade of poor Sainville, who only felt, while Sable reasoned. But what were the feelings of Mary at this coarse expose of her position! She was ready to sink into the earth,—and—for a moment forgetting how useless was the measure—she ran to the bed where lay the inanimate corpse of him who once would have shielded her from even the approach of the semblance of insult, and throwing herself on the lifeless body, called on Henry, her dear Henry, to protect and save her, and vindicate her suspected purity.

A return of fever and delirium kept the unfortunate Mary many days on the brink of the grave, and those around her thought that each hour must terminate her sufferings. When consciousness again returned to her, she found that Sainville, the faithful servant of Lord Mordaunt, having performed the last sad melancholy duties to the mortal remains of his loved master, had returned to offer his services to conduct her to her mother. She thankfully accepted them; and when able to bear the motion of a carriage, Sainville procured the assistance of one of the women who had nursed her in her illness, placed her, propped up by pillows in the most comfortable chaise he could procure, and slowly retraced the route they had so lately pursued under such different circumstances. Mary's agonised thoughts dwelt on the sad contrast of the only journeys she had ever taken, and were only drawn for moments from the lover she had lost to the mother she was going to meet. 'If I can only reach her arms, lay throbbing on her bosom and die, I have nothing left to desire,' thought the heart-stricken girl. But her cup of bitterness was not yet quite filled to the brim, though she believed it was overflowing. Arrived at Dawlish, she observed an unusual silence in the street through which the carriage passed: Sainville being recognised, many persons approached him, and waving their heads, observed 'You have come too late—it is all over—the funeral took place an hour ago.'

Mary heard no more; she was borne senseless into the desolate home, where no fond mother waited to receive her; for she who would have taken her to her heart had that day been laid in the grave. The shock which the elopement of her daughter occasioned Mrs Lester brought on a paralytic seizure, from which she was but slowly recovering, when a harsh letter, filled with the bitterest reproaches and most unfounded accusations from the Marquis of Deloraine, the father of Lord Mordaunt, caused a fresh attack, which in a few hours terminated her existence. This letter was written during the first violence of grief, on hearing of the death of an only son, the last hope of an ancient house. He attributed that death to the fatigues of the horrid journey to Scotland, which fatal step the proud marquis unjustly accused the mother of abetting. He branded the unhappy Mary with epithets that struck daggers into her mother's breast, and brought on the return of her malady, which ended in death. By the imprudence of the old female servant, this harrowing letter was given to Mary. She read every word, while cold tremors shook her exhausted frame; and having laid the letter on her heart, and closed her eyes, as if overcome with fatigue,—and it was not till some hours after, that the old attendant found that the slumber was the sleep of death—expiating with her life her first and last error.

DOST THOU WELL TO BE ANGRY?

A clergyman stopped at the house of a friend on a Saturday evening, in the village where he was to preach. The friend was a distiller and vender of ardent spirits, and was exceedingly bitter against the Temperance cause. He could not refrain, all the evening, from giving vent to his feelings against all the Temperance men and every Temperance movement. The next day the preacher took his text from John; 'Dost thou well to be angry?' He showed what good was doing in the days in which we live, and especially in the Temperance cause; how that cause was drying up the fountains of pauperism, crime, and brutality, saving thousands and thousands from the Drunkard's path, and restoring many a lost man to society and his family, and removing the greatest obstruction to the reception and spread of the gospel. And as he enumerated one blessing after another, he would cast his eye down upon his friend, and ask, 'Dost thou well to be angry?' It was more than the poor distiller could bear: shame and confusion were his. He hid his face from all the congregation, who were looking at him, and as soon as possible made his way home from Church, and is said never after to have talked against the Temperance cause.

'I'd rather not take a horn with you,' said the loafer to the mad bull—but the bull insisted upon treating him to two, and the loafer got quite high.

SUNSHINE.

I love the sunshine every where,—
In wood, and field, and glen;
I love it in the busy haunts
Of town-imprisoned men.

I love it when it streameth in
The humble cottage door,
And casts the chequered casement shade
Upon the red-brick floor.

I love it where the children lie
Deep in the clovery grass,
To watch among the twining roots
The gold-green beetles pass.

I love it on the breezy sea
To glance on sail and oar,
While the great waves, like molten glass,
Come leaping to the shore.

I love it on the mountain tops,
Where lies the thawless snow,
And half a kingdom, bathed in light,
Lies stretching out below.

And when it shines in forest glades,
Hidden, and green, and cool,
Through mossy boughs, and veined leaves,
How is it beautiful!

How beautiful! on little streams,
When sun and shade at play
Make silvery meshes, while the brook
Goes singing on its way!

How beautiful, where dragon flies
Are wondrous to behold,
With rainbow wings of gauzy pearl,
And bodies blue and gold!

How beautiful, on harvest slopes,
To see the sunshine lie;
Or on the pale reaped fields,
Where yellow shocks stand high!

Oh, yes! I love the sunshine!
Like kindness or like mirth
Upon a human countenance,
Is sunshine on the earth.

Upon the earth—upon the sea—
And through the crystal air,
On piled up clouds—the gracious sun
Is glorious every where!

MARY HOWITT.

From Graham's Magazine, for July. THE LIGHTNING OF THE WATERS.

THERE are few phenomena observable on the ocean, more striking than the phosphorescence of the water, when seen in high perfection. It has forcibly attracted the attention of poets and philosophers in all ages, and many and curious have been the speculations of those who have endeavored to explain the brilliant apparition. In later times, however, the progress of natural science has dissipated the mystery to a considerable extent, destroying a portion of its romantic interest, without, thereby, diminishing its exquisite beauty.

We are well informed, at present, that all the brilliant pyrotechny of Neptune is the effect of animal secretion, not differing essentially in cause from that which ornaments our groves and meadows, when the glow-worms of Europe, the fire flies of North America, or the fulgoure of the Indies are lightning their fairy love lanterns beneath the cool, green leaves, or filling the air with their mimic meteors.

To those who are not familiar with microscopic researches, it may seem almost impossible that animal life can be multiplied to such success in the transparent waters, where not a mote is visible by daylight, as to give rise to the broad and bright illumination of the sea, so frequently observed within the lower latitudes; and many, for this reason, have attributed these night fires of the deep to the impurity and occasional fermentation of the ocean,—a cause which they esteem more nearly commensurate with the magnificence of the result. Such theorists regard this phosphorescence as similar to that so constantly produced by putrifying fish and decaying wood.

These ideas, as I have stated, are no longer tenable, and the real origin of the phenomenon is better understood. But even now, the few who have witnessed it in full extent, variety and grandeur—a privilege rarely enjoyed, except by those who have made long voyages, and have become familiar with many seas—are lost in wonder; and, unless professionally devoted to the study of natural history, they find it difficult to credit the assertion, that all these vast displays are mere results of living action.

It may prove interesting, then, to those who are fond of such investigations, to offer some remarks on the multitudinous character of those tribes of simple and transparent beings, which swarm about the surface of the ocean, and may be found continually changing in race and habits, with almost every degree of latitude we traverse.

If you will take the trouble, on some suitable occasion during the month of November or December, to descend into a fashion-

able oyster cellar, and ask admission to the pile of freshly opened shells stowed in the usual receptacle, which is in some dark vault or closet about the premises, you may chance to witness, on a diminutive scale, the far-famed phosphorescence of the sea, without enduring the heavy immigration tax levied, with unrelenting severity, by the old trident-bearer upon all novices, except, perhaps, a few fortunate favorites.

Take up the shovel that leans against the wall, order the light removed, and the door closed, and then proceed to disturb the shells. If they have been taken from the water, where it is purely salt,—and still more certainly if gathered from the beds of blue marine mud that are the favorite resort of the finest oysters—the moment you throw a shovel upon the top of the pile, the whole mass, jarred by the blow, will become spangled with hundreds of brilliant stars—not in this case pale and silvery, but of the richest golden green or blue. None of these stars may equal in size the head of the finest pin; but so intense is the light emitted by them, that a single, and scarcely visible point will sometimes illuminate an inch of the surrounding surface, even casting shadows from the little spears of sea-grass growing in its neighbourhood.

Choose one of the most conspicuous of these diminutive tapers, and without removing it from the shell, carry it towards the gas lamp. As you approach, the brilliancy of the star declines; and when the full flood of light is thrown upon the shell, it nearly, or entirely disappears. If you press your finger rudely upon the spot, you will again perceive the luminous matter diffused, like a fluid, over the surrounding surface, and shining, for an instant, more brightly than ever, even under the immediate glare of the gas. Then all is over. You have crushed one of the glow-worms of the deep—an animal, once probably as vain of his golden flame as you are of your brilliant endowments—perhaps some sentinel there stationed to alarm his sleeping brethren of the approach of danger—perhaps an animalcule Hero trimming his solitary lamp to guide her chosen one, through more than Leander's dangers, along the briny path to her rocky bower, beset by all the microscopic monsters of the corallines! At all events, despite it as you may, this little being was possessed of life, susceptible of happiness, and endowed with power to outshine, with inborn lustre, the richest gem in Europe's proudest diadem!

The sea is filled in many regions, and at various seasons, with incalculable multitudes of living creatures, in structure much resembling this little parasite, but often vastly more imposing in dimensions. The smallest tribes that are able to call attention to their individual existence generally wander, like erratic stars, beneath the waves. They may be seen by thousands shooting past the vessel, on evenings when the moon is absent or obscured, suddenly lighting their torches when the motion of the bow produces a few curling swells and breakers on either hand, and whirling from eddy to eddy, as they sweep along the side and are lost in the wake. From time to time the vessel, in her progress, disturbs some large being of similar powers, who instantly ejects a trail of luminous fluid which, twining, and waving about among contending currents, assumes the semblance of a silver snake. But the most surprising of all proofs of the infinity of life is furnished by those inconceivably numerous bands of shining animalcules, too small for human vision, which in their aggregate effect perform perhaps, the grandest part in beautifying the night scene on the ocean.

The crest of every wave emits a pale and milky light, and every ripple that, urged onward too rapidly before the breeze, expires in spreading its little patch of foam upon the water, increases the mysterious brightness. On a starless evening the novice may find it very difficult to account for the distinctness with which even the distant billows may be traced by their whitened summits, while every other object is thrown into the deepest shade. The gentle radiation from within the foam deceives the eye:—it seems a mere reflection from the surface; and he turns again and again towards the heavens, with the constantly renewed impression, that the moon has found some transient opening in the cloudy canopy through which descends a thin pencil of rays to be glinted back from the edges of the waves.

THE LIONESS.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

Lieutenant Carlyle was one of the noblest, best, and most generous youths that ever sought the shores of India. He was exactly sixteen when he sailed from England, leaving behind him many true and sterling friends, that his many virtues and amiable disposition had won for him. He was of a most singular temperament and one of the handsomest lads I ever beheld. From infancy we had been brought up together.

Some ten years had elapsed, when an apparent stranger rushed into my room, and

grasping me by the hand, began to pour out a thousand kind speeches of recognition. For a few moments, I thought the gentleman had made a mistake, and was about to tell him so, when a peculiar smile for a single instant lighted up his countenance, and I immediately recognized it as that of my excellent friend Perceval Carlyle. Yes—the emaciated, care worn and haggard being, who now shook me so cordially by the hand, was no less than the dear companion of my boyhood. Occasionally, indeed, I could trace the speaking eye, the fine countenance of my early friend. But alas! all signs of health and youth had fled. Ten short years had robbed Carlyle of all his bloom and much of his wonted high spirits. The fire of his eye, the joyous tone of his happier days, were gone! His good heart, his generous soul alone remained, alone were saved of the general wreck of his once buoyant mind and athletic body. At first I thought ill health, the warmth of eastern climes, or probably dissipation, had caused the havoc I beheld. Perceval, however, soon undeceived me. He saw my distress. He marked my horror, as I tried to recall his once handsome features; and, reading my thoughts, he at once exclaimed:

'I see you are startled by my altered looks. I expected no less: but I thought as I had sent you an account of my accident, you would have been better prepared to anticipate the change in my personal appearance.'

'Accident! I never heard of any; nor have I received a letter from you these three years.'

'Then my epistles have gone astray—that's all. But as they have done so, I will tell you how the affair took place;—that is to say, if you should wish to hear it.'

I expressed my desire to do so, and he repeated to me the following circumstances, which I give as nearly in his own language as possible.

'I was quartered high up the country—commanding a detachment at least fifty miles from any other European. My only recreation was lion hunting, which I occasionally indulged in, and succeeded in destroying several of these superb animals, which were here so numerous and so bold as to approach our tents and carry off our provisions.'

'I was thus amusing myself one morning, well mounted on a fleet Arab, followed by a dozen men on foot, and armed with an unerring rifle, when one of my people suddenly discovered the prints of a lion's paw in the sandy plain over which we were passing, apparently inclining toward a deep jungle some two hundred yards in advance of us. I instantly dismounted to examine the foot marks, and was carefully tracing them, when a sudden cry of terror made me look up. I beheld immediately in front of me a magnificent lioness, which had suddenly bounded out of the covert. Not a moment was to be lost. I sprang towards my horse—my syce, however, alarmed at the appearance of the lioness, had quitted the reign, and before I could reach him, the frightened animal was half way across the open space. My servants had all fled. I was alone. The lioness was lashing her sides with her tail, and evidently meditating an attack. I had but one resource left. After vainly calling upon my servants to return and support me, I levelled my rifle, and just as she sprang towards me fired. For an instant I was not quite sure whether I had hit her or not. She suddenly halted, threw up her head, and gave a terrific roar. I was now convinced that she was wounded; but alas! seemingly not in any mortal part.—She glared on me. Human nature could endure no more. I threw down my gun, and foolishly overcome by fear, fled. In another second I was conscious of my error. I heard her come panting along beside me. It was all over with me; I knew my fate was sealed. I threw myself down—the lioness actually, in her haste to overtake me, sprang over me. I heard a shot, and a piercing cry from the animal told me she was again hit; but I did not once dare to look up to see how seriously. After about half a minute, I could not resist the temptation, the desire I felt to read my doom. I slightly turned my head, only the least in life, and beheld the lioness licking her paw, through which a ball had evidently passed—the blood was also flowing copiously from her jaw, where my discharge had in the first instance taken effect. She was sitting upon her haunches, in evident agony. No sooner, however, did she perceive the very slight movement which I had made, than she sprang up, and in the next moment I felt her teeth to penetrate my back bone, while one of her claws tore my left shoulder bare of flesh. In the next she lifted me off the ground, and carried me forward. This, however, was evidently an effort to her. Her wounded jaws refused to meet—but still she held me, screaming, struggling, praying for death, tightly in her teeth, as she bore me on with the same ease that she would have raised a kitten. I shouted to my servants to fire. It seems they feared to do so lest they might destroy me instead of the animal. Alas! little did they know my feelings at that moment! Instant death—a release from the excruciating tortures I was then suffering, would have been the greatest favor they could have conferred on me.

'Thus I was carried for about a hundred yards, when, overcome by pain, the lioness dropped me, and lying down, began to lick the blood which streamed from my wounds. I could feel her rough tongue as it passed along the bitten parts, and tore open the tooth marks. I could feel her warm breath as she placed her